

Fire vs Ice

by FirePlusIce

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Summary: Getting over a breakup usually was a simple task for Jack, it came to him as easily as learning how to breathe did. Mostly because he was used to the disappointment of another one wanting nothing to do with him. Dating is just fun and games anyways, what did it really matter? (Reverse Punk au. enjoy reading)

1. Text messages

Getting over a breakup usually was a simple task for Jack, it came to him as easily as learning how to breathe did. Mostly because he was used to the disappointment of another one wanting nothing to do with him. Dating is just fun and games anyways, what did it really matter?

Yet, for some odd reason Jack just couldn't tear his eyes off his phones screen, a message displayed on the glowing surface: _'I'm dumping you Jack, I love someone else. Go suck off and don't talk to me again, nerd'_

Love someone else? Jack bit his bottom lip harshly, enough for a metallic taste to spring into his mouth. Great! Just fucking great, another one. How many had it been in the past year? Three? Four? Why wasn't anything just working out? Jack had to be doing something wrong. But, he didn't care. Not at the time, he was too busy ruining his eyesight further by staring at the glowing phone in his shaky hand, the darkness of his room seeming to swallow him up.

He was waiting for something, an_ 'jk babe luv u'_ but that never appeared. Jack was devastated.

_ 'I never loved you, fag. Hah! can't believe you fell for it, they were right'_ And by they, Jack instantly knew Hiccup was talking about his 'friends', if you could call them that. They all just followed the punk like little groupies. Jack despised them.

As Tears painted the lenses in front of his eyes, most rolling down

his cheeks, the nerd couldn't think of who he hated more, himself for falling for the punk, or Hiccup for tricking him. All he knew was that this was the first break-up that broke his heart. No pun intended.

So the nerd closed his phone, setting it without care onto his side table before discarding his tear stained thick framed glasses. He sat in the middle of his bed, legs crossed, heart torn, mind elsewhere, until sleep had him passed out.

The next morning Jack awoke with a stiff neck and puffy red eyes. A hand went up to massage his stiff neck as Jack stood with wobbly knees.

He felt awful, like he caught the flu that was going around but, Jack knew for certain he didn't. The taste in his mouth reeked of heartbreak and regret. The nerd wished to just stay home from school for a day, to have a small break and hours alone to mourn about his loss, but he couldn't so on with his morning he went.

Without much care a white button up was tossed on along with a pair of black jeans and a belt. Jack cleaned his lenses with the bottom of his shirt before placing them on his face. The nerd looked into his mirror like he did every morning, being the self conscious person he was.

He thought his white hair looked weird with his white button up, but to hell if he cared, there was no one to impress anymore. Jack grabbed his bag and slipped on a pair of shoes before heading off to school without the usual apple he'd eat on the walk to school. Food wasn't appetizing.

The cold autumn air chilled the nerd to the bone, goosebumps covering his thin body. Jack cursed at himself for not dressing warmer. Another thing he should've known would happen, first being dumped then the winter sneaking up on him. He sighed, as the school came into sight. He had the feeling that day was going to be filled with a lot of tormenting.

As the nerd walked into the school, his head ducked down as the male tries to avoid the group of other teenagers. He was pushed and shoved a few times to say the least, but eventually Jack made it to his locker. His mouth dropped open.

Covering his locker were papers that said _'Fag'_. After a few seconds of staring Jack's eyes hardened and he ripped the papers off his locker, tears threatening to appear. The nerd blinked them away while opening his locker and putting the things he would need in.

As Jack walked away and to his next class, shoulders slouched forwards, a brown haired teen with a few piercings here and there watched the nerd closely, with narrowed eyes.

"He's such a fag€|," Then he turned away and walked to his own class, hands in his pockets.

As the day rolled on, Jack's spirits were crushed little by little. It was lunchtime so the nerd walked to his locker for the second time that day. This time, he dropped his books on the floor and smashed his head against the metal door of his locker.

_ 'Fag' 'Queer' 'nerd' Go kill yourself' 'Nobody loves you'_ Spelt in sharpie covered all his locker. Jack could've just died right there. He knew just then how much that break up was going to kill him, how much he wished it just did. As Jack slowly fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face, he heard someone walk up behind him. He felt eyes boring into him as silent tears rolled from his eyes.

"You're such a fag. Get over it," It was hiccup's familiar voice, yet it sounded a lot colder and more cruel.

"S-So? I-I'm a fagâ€¦ a-and you're a dickâ€¦ w-we're even," The nerd sputtered out, removing his glasses and hooking them to his pant loops. He let out a squeak when Hiccup pulled the nerd up by his shirt and forced him to look into his blazing green orbs.

"You never knew when to shut up. It always lead you into situations like this where I'd have to save you. Well hah I'm not going to do that for a fag," Jack's eyes brimmed with tears of regret and hate. He hated Hiccup as Hiccup hated him. What did Jack even see in the male in front of him? He seemed nice to the nerd at first, but it was all an act. An act to do whatâ€¦. humiliate him? Well, mission complete. As soon as Hiccup let Jack go, he ran away as fast as he could, leaving behind his books as the school disappeared behind him.

The feeling was awful. Not ever had a break up been so harsh. The text was enough to hurt Jack but the displays at schoolâ€¦ was it all necessary?

Jack didn't even flinch as thorns pricked him through his clothes, he just walked on until coming to his final destination. Jack sat down beside a large and shaped rock, holding his head in his hands. He hadn't had a clue as to why he went to his sister's grave. Maybe because she always knew what to say to cheer the nerd up.

"Another one Emmaâ€¦ another oneâ€¦," Jack sighs to himself "I feel as ifâ€¦ I'm giving my trust out too easily. I seem to be so easily playedâ€¦," As shivers from the chilled air took over Jack, he seemed to calm down, even in the slightest.

What was so important to him about this breakup? Why did it break him like none of the others did? Oh rightâ€¦. Jack forgot that he'd loved Hiccup. A lot.

"Jerkâ€¦," Was all he muttered all the rest of the afternoon.

Once the sun had begun to disappear had Jack realized he'd been sitting in the cold for hours on end, most likely worrying his mom and dad to death. The nerd quickly rose from the ground, grabbing his bag before running to his house. The time on his glowing watch read 8:59, just great he was going to have a lot of explaining to do once he got home.

Jack shifted his bag from one shoulder to the other as he typed in the security code of his house then slipped in through the door. He walked through the large halls of his mansion of a house on his tip toes. A few more steps and he was home free for the nightâ€¦

"Jackson Overland! Where have you been? You were expected home hours ago," The nerd silently cursed before turning around with a faked innocent grin, the woman in front of him didn't look pleased, arms folded over her chest and a scowl upon her pretty face. Though, Jack could still sense her nice demeanor under the mad looks.

"I uhâ€¦ I was at school! Helping someone with work.. yeah.. uh did I not tell you?" His foster mother, Anna, shook her head.

"No, you didn't," Jack rubbed the back of his neck apologetically. "Sorryâ€¦ I thought I didâ€¦ well I will for surely tell you next time," The nerd was about to slip into his room before the woman spoke once more.

"I got a call from your principal," Oh shitâ€¦

"R-Really? What did he say?"

"Your son hadn't attended any of his classes in the afternoon," Jack bit his bottom lip, knowing he was caught for ditching. Wellâ€¦ it really wasn't his faultâ€¦

"Mom I-"

"I don't want to hear it Jack. You never skipped class before what happened?" The nerd sighed. He didn't want to tell his foster mother about His break up. Pity wasn't what he wanted, rather the complete opposite.

"I wasn't feeling well..,"

"Why didn't you call me?"

"You were workingâ€¦,"

"I had today off Jack,"

"Ohâ€¦ Well it wont happen again promiseâ€¦ but uh I'm really tired so I'm heading to bed..," With that said the white haired male slipped into his room, leaving the lights off. He slide down the backside of his door, feeling defeated. How was he ever going to get the courage to go back to school the next day? Then there was a knock on his door.

"We'll talk about your consequence in the morning dear, have a great rest,"

Wasn't a broken heart a consequence enough? Jack sure thought so. It was way worse than any hours he would pay locked up in his room. He felt so alone, that no-one cared for him. Although he knew his foster mom and dad both did very much, but the love they could give him wasn't the type he wanted. He wanted someone to lift his spirits up no matter the situation, but of course Jack was alone. No more Hiccup. But what he didn't know was how much Hiccup was affected as well.

At the bike shop his father owned, the brown haired punk was polishing the finally finished bike he'd been working on for months. His dad said that if he figured out how to fix the broken bike and made it work, he'd let Hiccup have it. So he took pride in his

finally finished product, though the feeling wasn't as great as he'd expected, especially with the guilty burden on his shoulder.

"Did you get rid of him, my boy?" A gruff male called from the opposite side of the shop.

"Yeah dad, the fag's gone. I told him how I was playing him and he cried like a baby," Hiccup called back, the words tasting awful on his tongue.

"Good. I was starting to think my sonâ€¦,"

"No. Hell no, I'm not gay. You know how I feel about Astrid dad. And she was fine with the game, she found it funny how the nerd thought it was all true," The punk stopped to chuckle at the thought.

"That's great. Oh how's your other job going? What exactly is your second job actually?" Hiccup shrugged, although he knew his dad couldn't see.

"It's going pretty well, and it's nothing important. I'm going to quit as soon as I have some extra cash," His father nodded and the two went into silence. Hiccup thought about the nerd and wondered where he ran off to, not that he cared though. If the punk never saw the nerd again it would be too soon. But, he knew at one point Jack would approach him and beg for him back, they all did. Every single one.

2. Coffee shop

"...That's the punishment?" Jack blinked his eyes questioningly to his foster mom.

"Yes. See it's nothing too bad. I know the manager so everything works out. Oh, but you'll work at the small coffee shop without pay," There's the catch Jack was looking for. Having to work at a coffee shop for a punishment seemed too good to be true, there had to be a catch, and no pay was it. The nerd was thinking Anna was being nice with the punishment, maybe it was because she saw the glint of sadness flicker in the teens eyes every once in a while no matter how much he tried to keep it sealed up.

"okay. So everyday after schoolâ€¦ for how long? A week?" Anna shook her head, her colourful and flamboyant hair bobbing happily.

"Two months actually!" She cheered way too happily for the occasion. Jack's eyes narrowed slightly before his jaw dropped open a tad.

"Two months?!"

"How about three?" The nerd sighed and shook his head "No two's fine,"

"That's what I thought,"

"Well anyways I have toâ€¦ go to school now. So I'll see you around seven I suppose," Jack grabbed his bag which was slung over an

expensive looking chair before, with much hesitation, heading towards the front door. He remembered a Jacket that day.

"Hey Jack do you need a ride to school?" He turned the silver coloured door knob "No, I'm fine thank you," Then he opened the door and walked out.

"Maybe working at the coffee shop will be a good time consumer," Jack thought as he slowly walked towards his much now dreaded high school. "Though I prefer teaâ€¦|.", "

The nerd walked for around ten minutes before entering Berk high school with a not so excited look upon his face. Per usual, his head was ducked down as he weaved through the halls then to his locker. With much delight the locker was cleaned of any harassments. Great.

Jack dumped his bag into his locker then took out his first few classes textbooks. The nerd sighed upon realizing his math book was missing and that was his first class for the day. Fucking amazing.

He pushed his lenses up the bridge of his nose before walking to class, trying to think of excuses of why he doesn't have the textbook. None came to mind when Jack sat in his regular seat in the back of class.

Jack noticed how the whole class stared at him as he walked to his seat, though he tried to ignore it. Everybody must've seen the papers and the words written all of his locker.

"Alright class today-" The teacher began only to be interrupted by a senior showing up in the wrong class.

"Where's the nerd?" A familiar voice called, emerald eyes scanning the room for a certain white haired male. Jack tensed up at the sound of his voice, eyes closing and breath hitching. "Calm down Jack don't have an attackâ€¦|, ' He let out a breath before glancing up at Hiccup who stood at the door. With all his courage gathered Jack stood and looked at the other confidently.

"Are you lost because I'm pretty sure you're not in this class. Well unless you're more dumb than we thought," Jack knew for sure that comment would bite him in the butt in the long run but he never cared, it was fun to smirk and try not to snicker at his comment. Hiccup was a senior while Jack was a junior.

"Oh hah very funny," People seemed to agree as they giggle silently into their hands. "I'm here because of this," Hiccup walked over to Jack's desk and dropped his math textbook down onto his hands. Jack surprisingly didn't even flinch.

"You dropped it at our lastâ€¦| quarrel," The hated punk said with a sly smirk. Jack thought nothing of it, his eyes burning flames of hate.

"Thank you," The nerd pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose before taking a hold of the textbook on his hands. "Now leave me alone I'm trying to learn," The other did as, harshly, told and strode out of the junior classroom, hands in his dark pant

pockets.

Jack sat down as soon as the punk left with a relieved sigh. That went better than he expected, though he had a lingering feeling in his chest, one he'd rather not have.

The day went on agonizingly slow but, to his delight, The end of the day bell had finally rung and Jack practically ran from the school. Then he remembered about the coffee shop.

"Manâ€|," The nerd shifted his bag on his back as he turns directions and heads to the small shop. He walks inside the coffee shop and was instantly scurried behind the counter by an short male with bright gold coloured hair.

Without a word being spoken, the man showed Jack around the petite shop then to the machines which made the coffee. Arms waved in hand motions and gestures that Jack assumed to be sign language.

Oh. He's mute...

"Uh sorry sir but I don't understand sign language, uhm my apologies. Is there someone who could explain this all to me?" After moments of silence a chime of the front bell rang signaling someone entering the shop. The male clapped silently before gesturing to the door. Jack turned his head to the male walking in and he, right then and there, wanting to just drop dead. Of fucking course it had to be hiccup.

The short man walked over to Hiccup and moved his hands in sign language. To Jack's surprise the punk responded.

"Teach the new guy? Sure why not boss," The little man walked back over to Jack who stood with a cold look on his face. Fricken really?

"Oh. You're the new guy... Can I resign Sandy?" Hiccup looked down at the male who Jack assumed to be Sandy. Sandy shook his head.

"Damn. Fine I'll teach the nerd,"

"Uh. No thanks I'll figure it out on my own-" Sandy then gave the two a stern look, arms folded over his chest.

"Alright alrightâ€|," The nerd and the punk were then shuffled behind the counter and left alone to work. Hiccup went onto explaining what everything does and how to work certain machines in a way that made him sound bored, which in fact he was.

"And that's pretty much everything. You'll probably be working the cashier for your first day. Don't fuck it up nerd," Then the punk walked through the doors sandy had previously gone through, leaving Jack alone.

Jack stood awkwardly behind the counter, since no one was there yet the nerd had nothing to do other than wait. Around four was when people began to file in.

People upon people flooded the small coffee shop. Hiccup had returned from the back room and took his position in making the beverages

while Sandy stayed in the back, making small pastries. All the while Jack stayed put at the cashier, efficiently doing what he's supposed to.

It actually was relaxing, working for the few hours his shift was, even though the cause of his problems was within a few metres of him. Hiccup didn't say a word or make eye contact with Jack, so he was fine with pretending the punk wasn't there.

All too suddenly it was seven and his shift was over. Jack bid his farewells to Sandy before walking past Hiccup, not intending to say anything to the punk.

"Until next time, nerd," The brunet male said but Jack just brushed it off as he walked through the petite shops doors and into the refreshing autumn air.

As soon as Jack had left the shop, Hiccup's smirk fell into an emotionless line. He stayed back after work hours to help clean up tables and dishes before Sandy practically kicked him out, so he left.

He put on his leather jacket which was hanging on the coat rack and left the coffee shop. Wind found its way through the punks clothes as he walked back to his dad's bike shop but he didn't pay attention to it. He just walked on.

A few corners turned later Hiccup found himself walking into the heat of his fathers shop. "Dad I'm back," He said without much enthusiasm before heading to the back and through a white wooden door which lead to his small house that was attached to the bike shop. Small, but convenient. He walked up a crickety and steep stairwell before turning into his room that was filled with posters of his favourite bands and a bed, nothing too special.

The punk took off all his clothes, except for his boxers, and laid down on the small single bed. Sleep didn't find its way to the punk, only thoughts upon thoughts, corrupting his mind.

3. little boy and blond girl

School was a blur for Hiccup, mainly because he never payed any attention. The Gods only know how he passes every year. But what mattered right, this was his last year after all. Last years are supposed to be the best, the most rememberable. For sure it was for Hiccup. Because school is totally something he'd remember years afterwards. Note the sarcasm.

He only had one reason of going to school everyday and that was to see Jack. But now obviously he'd rather not see the nerd, not ever. So the punk began to skip school. It had been a whole week since his last attendance to school. His house got called plenty of times asking where he was, no calls got answered. Hiccup only attended his small job at the petite coffee shop, so he wouldn't get fired. The extra cash was needed.

As the second week rolled on his dad, Stoick, had started to question why he hadn't attended school. The punks answer was as simple as "I'm not feeling well" And his father left him be.

Hiccup sighed slightly as he slipped his arms into the leather jacket he regularly wore. Another shift with the nerd, just great. On days where the two had shifts together, they hardly spoke to anyone but the costumers. It was awkward, yes, but they could handle it.

The punk stepped out of his small home and into the bike shop, from there he walked outside. The cold didn't seem to bother him much, other things clouded his mind. None of which he allowed.

"Afternoon Sandy," He muttered as he walked into the coffee shop, hanging his jacket on the coat rack. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Jack fiddling with the back's of his glasses as if he was nervous for something. The punk rolled his eyes, that habit always annoyed him. It was so obvious when Jack was feeling an emotion which made him not much interesting to hang around.

Hiccup passed by Jack, the two almost bumping shoulders. The space behind the counter wasn't the greatest.

Jack worked at the cash register and Hiccup made the drinks. If it were otherwise the customers would be intimidated by Hiccup if he were at the cash. The nerds soft smile was inviting and seemed to reel in customers, so Sandy had their positions permanent.

Time flew by as hiccup's steady hands, practiced from fixing up his bike, made the beverages. Soon enough his shift came to an end. Instead of staying back and helping tidy up, Hiccup grabbed his coat and slung it over his shoulder before walking out. The sun was down, the only light was from the lightposts and still open shops. Hiccup walked down the empty streets with his hands in his pockets. His home was in the other direction.

"Toothless, are you here?" Hiccup walked through a bush into a open field of long grass. There was movement in grass before a short boy appeared, about as tall as Hiccup's knee.

"Yea Hic I'm here," The brunet actually smiled before reaching down and pulling the small boy in his arms, it felt as if he weighed nothing.

"So, are you going to tell me today?" The punk questioned with a slightly raised brow, all the boy did was shake his head.

"Nope," Hiccup sighed then reached into his jacket's pocket, bringing out a wrapped up piece of banana bread. "Here have this, kiddo," Toothless ate the bread in seconds.

"where's your dad?" The punk questioned. With a tiny finger, the boy with jet black hair pointed a tree at the edge of the field.

"There, "

"I'm glad he lets us see each other. My dad would freak..," The boy nodded. "Well Toothless I have to get heading home now. I'll see you in a few days," The punk set Toothless down. He hated Letting his half brother go but he had to.

He watched as Toothless walked on his small feet to his dad before

stuffing his hands in his pockets and turning the other way. Soon the field was far behind him and so was the boy that shared the same mom with.

Hiccup walked back to the bike shop, there was still something missing on his motorcycle. He checked the bike to find any problems, none were found, so the punk gave a little smirk before popping the top of a spray can off. He began to spray the bike from it's old peeling colour of dark blue to solid black. Once the black coat was finished Hiccup started to have some fun; he played around with colours and designs until finally, the bike was complete.

Fire licked from the back of the bike all the way up to the handle bars. It was perfect. Tomorrow he would go out and give it a test run, something he had been waiting for, for months.

Hiccup was just about to turn in for the night but the bell at the front door ringing caught his attention. He looked over to the door. "Astrid? Hey what brings you here?" The punk walked over to a blond girl.

"I've got a question for you Hiccup," She crosses her arms over her chest. The female stood an inch or two shorter than the punk, though she looked at him like she had the advantage.

"Yeah what is it?" He raises a brow slightly.

"You broke up with Jack, right?" Hiccup nodded, confused as to why she would ask that.

"Good. Do you want to go out on Friday then?" On the inside, the punk shrieked yes, but he kept his cool and crossed his arms as well in thought.

"What brought this up?"

"Just answer the question,"

"I think I can find time," With the answer Astrid then stroded out of the bike shop. Once a street or so away did she let herself smile. "Thank the Gods,"

On the other side of town Jack laid on his bed, face in his soft pillow. He wasn't crying, but he felt broken. It had been weeks since Hiccup broke up with him. Why was his still so saddened about it? It usually took him five minutes to get over a breakup for Gods sake!

It still confused Jack, he'd been played so many times before, so many that he couldn't even count of two hands. Hiccup was different.

"Oi, snowflake. Let me in," An Australian accent called, coming from Jack's 'brother'.

"If you're here to laugh at me, go away," Aster sighed before clicking the door open.

"Nah, I wouldn't be that cruel," He looked down at the male on the bed with knowing eyes. Aster didn't really know why he was there in

the first place, he wasn't one to be good at cheering someone up. But still, he was there for his foster brother he never got along with.

"But lass, you can't be mourning about this all the time. What happened to you? Remember you never let anything bother you. what's the change?" Jack sat up and turned to Aster.

"I don't know,"

"Why don't you just forget about him?"

"..I'll try,"

"Good," Then Aster left the room and walked down to the large kitchen where Anna was preparing a snack.

"I tried Anna," She stopped cutting and turned to the male.

"How'd it go?"

"Not as bad as I thought," Anna nods "That's good,"

* * *

><p>AN:** Sorry for the bad chapter, I can't think while I'm sick. But I was bored so here.

End
file.